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DISAPPEARANCE

By JOSEPH E. ZAICZYK, '46

Peter H. Darwell stopped reading the script which he had been perusing at a leisurely pace and reached for the phone.

"Yes! What is it?"

Arlene Sarver, the switchboard girl for Darwell Publications, Incorporated, answered in what was meant to be a fresh young voice.

"A Mr. Flitt to see you, Mr. Darwell."

"Flitt? Flitt? Do we know any one named Flitt?"

He heard Arlene sigh. Peter H. Darwell's memory was dulled at times by the reams of "slush" he was forced to wade through to locate a presentable story for *Weird Adventures*.

Arlene's voice was gentle, but it was flavored with a tinge of sarcasm. "You have encouraged Mr. Flitt to submit material to our magazine."

Peter Darwell knew that Mr. Flitt must be listening to Arlene's end of the conversation because she carefully referred to the book by its full title. Though still unable to remember Mr. Flitt, Darwell back-watered hastily. "Oh yes, yes, of course. Send Mr. Flitt in at once."

He discarded the phone as if it were a distasteful thing. He sat back; and the sun on his back reminded him that the small office was very warm. With his pocket handkerchief he wiped the perspiration from his forehead.

"Now, who in blazes is Flitt?" he asked himself and searched his mind for an answer.

Suddenly he had it. Roscoe Flitt was the full name; and as Peter Darwell re-

membered, his neck turned the color of baby pink, and he swore softly. He had first met Mr. Flitt on the Highland bus. That gentleman had been engaged in reading *Weird Adventures* through incredibly thick-lensed spectacles. The "specs", plus the fact that he had found someone reading his magazine, had fascinated Mr. Black. Although the circulation Department boasted fifty thousand copies of *Weird Adventures* sold, this was the first time a reader had been caught in the act, as it were, of actually devouring the contents.

A conversation had been born, with a very unfortunate result; Mr. Flitt felt that he had a message for the readers of the splendid little magazine.

A relationship had thereafter grown which Darwell tried at every opportunity to discourage. He had returned ten of Mr. Flitt's manuscripts neatly enveloped and marked, "Not for US"! Now Mr. Flitt was trying again. This time he had come in person.

The sound of footsteps came from outside the door and a nervous hand was placed on the doorknob. Before his guest could enter, Mr. Darwell shouted a hurried "Come in!"

This call authorized an entrance which was going to take place, anyway; and Darwell felt better for having stamped his approval on the act.

Mr. Flitt came in. He was a small gentleman with a sloppy gray hat and a gray suit that had been partly cleansed of many spots made by soup and eggs. Mr. Flitt had a very thin face and an

Adam's apple that seemed to do about as it pleased. He walked to the desk and tendered his manuscript, wrapped as usual in brown paper from the corner butcher shop. He also offered his hand—a frail, very white hand; and Peter Darwell dropped it as soon as he could without appearing finicky.

"I've-I've tried again," Mr. Flitt said, in a voice worn threadbare by long use. "I think this might be nearer what you want."

It was evident that he expected immediate reading; for he sat primly on the edge of the visitor's chair, removed his hat, and began to play with the creases in it. Mr. Darwell told Mr. Flitt how glad he was to see him and asked if he had put "living, breathing characters" into his story.

Mr. Flitt thought he had. Yes; in fact, he was sure that he had done so. Mr. Darwell unwrapped the script, studied it hurriedly, made sure it had sentences, and was written in acceptable English. Mr. Darwell began to read. He continued from page one through seven. There the pink bloom darkened a shade, and he stopped reading. This point was far enough. He had made an effort. He had a right to stop when he wished. Who did Flitt think he was? He couldn't force. . . .

"I hope it suits your needs," Mr. Flitt said, evidently having read an article in a writers' magazine to find the correct method of approaching the editor.

Mr. Darwell sighed and looked very sorry. He was; but not for Mr. Flitt.

"I'm disappointed," he said gently. "The characters aren't realistic or plausible."

Mr. Flitt seemed distressed. However, when he said nothing, Peter H. Darwell felt that he was "on the spot." He sat back, replaced the papers in their proper order, and took a long breath.

"I take it this is a story of a man who finds that by pressing a certain nerve behind his right ear, he can disappear

entirely from sight, and then materialize once more by repeating the process."

Mr. Flitt nodded gravely.

"You have captured the mood of the thing entirely," he admitted. "I worked very hard to produce something your readers would appreciate."

Mr. Darwell sat in silent contemplation for some time. He stared out of the window, across the town, toward the cool blue sweep of Lake Michigan. He dreamed of a boat that would take him far away from people like Mr. Flitt. He dreamed so vividly that it gave him quite a start to see Mr. Flitt was still present.

He had nothing to say, but he had to say something. He would use the old line again. It would do no good, but it would get rid of Mr. Flitt; and at the moment, that objective was most desirable.

"I repeat," he said sternly, "that your stories must contain characters in whom one can believe. New ideas—new situations. The idea of becoming invisible is very old. It has been published a thousand times. Not even the method is new; in fact, I seem to recall a comic strip based on the same idea."

Mr. Flitt nodded eagerly. "I realize that," he said. "But I worked very hard to tell a story about people like the



ones who live next door—people who eat, sleep, and act as you and I do. For that reason, when the disappearance of my hero occurs so suddenly, it creates a shock that will surely carry through to a convincing climax.”

Mr. Flitt knew all the rules; he knew them because Peter Darwell had repeated them for him a hundred times. Mr. Flitt was a splendid student so far as learning was concerned. Peter Darwell scratched his nose again and wondered what he could say. Mr. Flitt just didn't know enough to leave impossible situations alone.

“I can believe every character in the story with the exception of the hero, Mr. Frozzy,” Darwell admitted. “Mr. Frozzy is a delapidated, unconventional person from the first. He goes around, getting himself into trouble until it seems impossible for him to escape death. Then, by pressing this—this nerve behind his ear, he escapes and solves everything. I tell you, Mr. Flitt, it is not the way to write a story.”

Mr. Flitt slowly arose, turning his hat in his hands and clearing his throat as little men do when they feel like crying and don't dare to because they weren't brought up that way.

“Then I'm to understand that you don't wish to purchase my effort?”

Peter Darwell nodded ever so slightly,

never taking his eyes from Mr. Flitt's narrow, disappointed little face.

“Unless you take out that antiquated business of pressing a nerve and motivate your character, Mr. Frozzy, so that he may reach his end logically and consistently, I'm afraid I can't accept the story.”

Mr. Flitt seemed to go into conference with himself. He made queer noises in his throat. He placed his hat upon his head, removed it, and placed it on his head again. Color suffused his cheeks and changed them from dead gray to mild brown. Then he obviously reached a decision.

“I can't change Mr. Frozzy's habits,” he said firmly. “Mr. Frozzy acts as any one would under the circumstances. He'll have to remain as he is.”

This gave Peter Darwell the opportunity he had been praying for. “Then,” he said, and passed the script to Mr. Flitt, “I'm afraid I have no choice. I can't buy the story.”

There was no mistaking the look of genuine disgust that appeared in Mr. Flitt's pale eyes.

“Very well,” he snapped, and snatched the script with both hands.

He backed a few steps away from the desk, pressed a finger to a spot behind the lobe of his right ear, and vanished.



—Ode to My Departed Canary

By LEONARD ROBINSON, '46

May thy spirit be borne up
To the reaches of thine own song;
And there,
May thou ever sing out
Thy boundless happiness.

Saved

By P. F. SHAPIRO, '47

I could feel the sweat accumulate on my brow as I craned my neck to look at . . . (I'll let you guess). My fingers got so wet that my pencil slipped out of my hand. My tie was too tight; my shoes were too tight; my sweater was too warm. I perspired profusely. I leaned over a little; I could barely make out the figures.

"How should I know what logarithms are? I never even saw them before. I can't possibly figure them out," I consoled my conscience. I leaned over again. My hair fell into my eyes. My clothes were too tight. My eyes strained only to make out a blur on my neighbor's paper.

The clock ticked; I looked up—only ten minutes left. I dashed through my fourth problem in two minutes flat. I then went back to the logarithms. The sweat started from my pores again; my throat was dry and parched; my head felt stuffy. Just as I was getting the "log" of 256, Mr. Foyle looked up from his work and called loudly, "Shapiro!"

I snapped up straight. Had he seen me? What will he ask me? And what shall I say? My fingers went limp; I could scarcely breathe; slowly, weakly, I managed to squeak out, "Yes, sir?"

"No homework today?" he asked in that terrible voice of his.

"Homework?" I asked, a little relieved. "I was absent yesterday, sir." As I remembered my absence, my condition improved slightly. "He must have explained the logarithms yesterday," I thought to myself, relieved.

"Well," Mr. Foyle said almost apologetically, "in that case you don't have to take that test today. If you have done well, I may give you a little extra credit on it."

"Whew! What a relief!" I thought. I was beside myself with joy.

Author's note: I might add that I hadn't been absent for a full month; but Mr. Foyle had an abiding faith in all Latin School boys, having been one himself.



The Lunchroom

By MARTIN L. WERMONT, '52

Dong!! Three minutes passed eleven. The usual rush is on. Our hero, Franklin Twiddlesmith, is right in the crowd with his money jingling in his pocket and his lunch waving in his hand. After securing a table, Franklin goes for his milk. Crash! Franklin has run into a little trouble. After cleaning up the mess and getting another bottle of milk, Franklin goes quietly to his table. At

the table there is more excitement, for Franklin has dropped one of his sandwiches. Quietly and quickly a marshal sneaks up behind our hero and calmly announces, "Clean it up, and quick!" Once again our Franklin is down on his knees cleaning up another mess. At twenty past eleven, Franklin Twiddlesmith has his lunch eaten, but no time for his daily Hoodsie.

The Missing Mariners

PAUL GRIFFIN, '46

Darkness was swiftly closing in about the little dock, and fear came with it. I tried to believe that everything was all right; but my doubts would not be dispelled. The four of them—Dan Bruce, Jean, and Barbara—had left the dock at eleven o'clock that morning. They had planned to sail to the Egg Islands, three miles out in the Harbor. There was little reason to fear for their safety, for the boat was large and seaworthy; and if the wind should die down, they could always use the auxiliary motor. As long as they remained within the limits of the Harbor, there was no need to worry. I kept repeating these things to myself as I sat in the car at the edge of the dock; but my uneasiness increased. One thought kept returning: Suppose that they had left the harbor? I tried to convince myself that this was impossible, since all those on board realized the dangers of the open sea; and even if one of them had been adventurous enough to want to try it, the others would have vetoed the plan. Nevertheless, I could not banish this possibility.

The hands of the clock in the car reached nine-thirty, and still there was nothing but darkness beyond the end of the dock. Suddenly, I was startled by a light, but my hope vanished with the realization that it was a car. When I stepped out to see who it was, I was greeted with frenzied questions of anxious parents:

"Where are they?"

"Have you heard anything from them?"

"What has happened to them?"

After several unsuccessful attempts to get a word in, I was finally able to say

enough to convince them that I knew no more than they did.

"Well, what shall we do?" asked one.

"The only suggestion that I have to offer," I replied, "is that we notify the police and Coast Guard."

This plan was acceptable, and I, as the only one not semi-hysterical, was appointed. The Coast Guard Station was nearer than Police Headquarters; but the police were the first to be informed, since Shoreline Road was patrolled. It took explaining to convince the officer that my 65-mile-an-hour speed was justifiable. He gave me an escort to the Coast Guard Station, where my story was given even less credence.

"Listen, if this is some sort of a joke, there'll be the devil to pay!" said the captain, after listening to my story.

"But why should I make up a story like this?" I asked.

"I don't know, but you fellows are always up to something! I'm warning you, this had better be on the level!"

After he had waved me out of the



room, he summoned a subordinate. I returned to the dock, but found no change.

Before long, two cutters were scouring the harbor, and later a police boat joined the search; but soon it was decided to suspend activities until daylight. The next morning, I was asked (rather forcibly, I think) to go aloft in a blimp as an observer, because I was well acquainted with the appearance of the missing craft. For hours we soared over the coast, searching every cove and inlet; but to no avail. The surface vessels reported similar results.

To continue the quest after darkness would be insane; it was decided to call a halt until six the following morning. At first parents of the missing mariners objected to the delay, but were finally convinced that nothing could be done until day-break.

The next morning we again took up the search, but day-long efforts failed. Every one was discouraged when at seven we called it a day. In spite of the fact that many said the boat would never be seen again, we decided to renew efforts on the following day.

The insistent ringing of the telephone roused me from my slumbers at three the following morning.

"A Navy pilot reported sighting a sailboat beached on a small island about thirty-two miles south of here," the voice on the other end intoned after the usual greetings had been exchanged. We're going down there in a 'PBY' at five. Think you can make it?"

With great effort I crawled out of bed an hour later, and stumbled downstairs. Having been told that I could eat at the station, I went directly to the garage. I backed the car out as quietly as possible and set out. Soon I was talking with three officers who were to be my flying companions.

"It looks like bad flying weather; but we'll go anyway," said Lieutenant Mikleson, the pilot.



He was right. When we reached the island, it was shrouded in fog. Steady rain added to the general unpleasantness. As it was impossible to see anything from the air, we landed on the side of the island opposite that where the boat was beached. It took only a few minutes to cross the island, which was only a few hundred yards wide; but it seemed like hours. At last, we arrived at the opposite shore and saw the beached sailboat. My spirits fell when I saw that it was not the one for which we had been looking. In fact, from outward appearances, we judged that the boat before us had been there for at least five years.

Disconsolately we returned to the base. Meanwhile, every one who had been out in the harbor on that fateful day was questioned concerning the whereabouts of the boat and its occupants. Several had seen it, or thought they had; but could give no definite information. For several days the search continued, but not even a clue was found. Finally, the Navy and the Coast Guard retired from active participation. On the following day the police placed the case "on file". And, believe it or not, I never found out what happened to them. [Now isn't this a horrible way to end a story!]

Quis Hoc Dixit

By JOHN E. REXINE

Select the name to whom the quotation is credited or the author, Answers on page 12.

1. "Write, write, write, there is no way to learn to write except by writing."
Emerson Thoreau Whitman
2. "The basic purpose of the public schools is to teach people to live in democracy."
Jefferson Norton Gould
3. "I came through, and I will return."
MacArthur Eisenhower Patten
4. "No terms except unconditional and immediate surrender can be accepted."
Grant F. D. Roosevelt Hitler
5. "Know thyself."
Socrates Shakespeare Themistocles
6. "All the world is a stage".
Shakespeare Scott Kesserling
7. "The old order changeth, yielding place to the new."
Byron Tennyson Shelley
8. "Which spills the foremost foeman's life, That party conquers in the strife."
Shakespeare Scott Coleridge
9. "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen".
Washington Lincoln "Lighthorse Harry" Lee
10. "There is no nation in the world which longs more for peace than does Germany."
Mussolini Hitler Franco



The Prophecy

By STANLEY F. CHYET, '48

Behold! A light shines in the Eastern sky.

A glittering ray descends, alighting on the crying Earth.

A ray of hope! A ray of peace! A prophecy!

All men shall together in fraternity dwell!

It pierces the black clouds of despair;
It caresses the haggard, sad faces; the broken hearts; the gaping wounds of war's victims.

It seems to say: "Take heart! Sent by God am I

To give you hope. The spirit of Hope am I!

Trust me and dry your tears. The spirit of Peace am I!

Not unheeded have your prayers gone.
Not in vain have your loved ones died.
Weep no longer! God has seen your sufferings.

They will not last.

The world shall yet arise anew in happiness and peace.

Only trust me! Sent by God am I to give you Hope.

The spirit of Hope am I!

Trust me and dry your tears.

The spirit of Peace am I!"

* * * *

The Fate of Class 4B

NEIL P. O'KEEFE, '49

36 little students
Started out the year;
But, for obvious reasons,
Only ten are here!

10 little students
Sitting in a line.
Soon came a Math test,
Then there were nine.

9 little students
Writing on a slate;
One got a censure,
Then there were eight.

8 little students
Looking up to Heaven—
The master gave exams back;
Then there were seven.

H. GEORGE MARCHANT, '49

6 little students,
Like bees in a hive;
One forgot his history book—
Then there were five.

5 little students
Coming through the door;
One threw a spitball—
Then there were four.

4 little students
Fishing by the sea;
Along came a truant officer—
Then there were Three.

3 little students—
One was in a stew.
He failed all his French tests;
Then there were two.

2 little students—
One sat in the sun;
The other soiled a *tableau-noir*—
Then there was one.

1 little student
Having lots of fun;
Along came his captain;
Then (they demoted 36 pupils from
Class 3 to fill the room) there
were None

ANSWER TO "QUIS HOC DIXIT"

1. Emerson
2. Jefferson
3. MacArthur
4. Grant
5. Socrates
6. Shakespeare
7. Tennyson
8. Scott
9. "Lighthorse Harry" Lee
10. Hitler

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A Private's Soliloquy

By HUGH A. O'BRIEN, '48

"One, two, three, FOUR! One, two, three, FOUR!"

"How did I ever get into this?" I mumble as I struggle along in the bleak, dank lower corridor of *the* Boston Latin School.

Now if I were a brilliant boy, I might conveniently sprain my ankle or otherwise disable myself, but could probably never get by "Old Hawk Beat", our captain.

We really love our Captain. He is so considerate. Once, after a long trek up and down the corridor, he pleasantly said that any boy who wished a drink might step out. Fifteen minutes later, the poor "dope" was still combing the place for fugitives.

Sometimes it is rather difficult to hear commands. I march along absorbed in my own thoughts, and the sharp "To the rear!" does not penetrate my thick skull sufficiently, and I find myself going where no one else is going. I quickly turn around, clanking some other clown's head with the tip of my rifle, and I find that I am the only one in my company who is in step. I turn my head to have a word with a neighboring private, but he sprouts a huge smile and two disks on his shoulders.

"What happened to you?" he demands.

"Why, I didn't hear the command, Sir," I remark innocently, as the First "Louie" sizes me up.

"Oho! A Comic!" he snarls. "We'll see about that." . . . Gee, they think of the toughest exercises.

But that is the way it goes. I can only dream of the day when I shall rise to the heights of those privileged characters who don't have to wear gaping hollows into shoulders with the heavy rifles or to strain ears in order to ascertain whether the command was "Column Right!", "By the Right Flank!", "Right Oblique!", or "Shaddup!"

We really have a wonderful company, though. The Captain is mad; the First "Louie" is foolish; the Second is a *jerk*; the First Sergeant is a lucky "so-and-so;" the other sergeants just don't know any better; the corporals don't know how they got there; and as for us, we privates are known as the backbone of the system. To each other, we privates are really something; we are geniuses; we are—well, I could go on, but modesty forbids.



Out of the Peach Basket

By STANLEY HALPERN, '47

Some people look into a peach basket and expect to find peaches. James Naismith, gym instructor at the old Y.M.C.A. Training School, Springfield College,—didn't look for peaches. He looked for something else; and he got it. He found a goal for a new game.

One day Dr. Naismith posted an historic piece of paper on the bulletin board of the school gym. It was a list of simple rules. Rule 8 read: "A goal shall be made when the ball is thrown or batted from the ground into the basket and stays there, providing those defending the goal do not touch or disturb the goal. If the ball rests on the edge and the opponent moves the basket, it shall count as a goal."

That was the birth of basketball. James Naismith invented it in 1891 after trying every way under the sun to keep his students from going crazy with boredom during the winter. Convinced that what America needed was a good indoor game, he sat down and worked one out. He started from a few basic principles. For instance, he figured that all good competitive games were played with a ball. But ball-playing might and usually does get

rough indoors. Therefore, there could be no tackling. But a ball could be thrown hard enough to do damage if thrown in a straight line. Therefore, seeing a few peach boxes, he rigged them at both ends of the gym and thereby created the first basketball court.

The general theory of the game hasn't changed much since; but many details have been rearranged and the original nine-man team has been cut to five. The most important change concerns a ball going out of bounds. In the old days the first player to get the ball could throw it in without interference. The result was that players went diving indiscriminately into radiators and spectators alike. Once, when a ball landed in the balcony, one team went "tearing up" the stairs while the other formed a human ladder against the balcony railing. The performance was more like a circus than a basketball game.

Basketball has come a long way since Dr. Naismith's first experiment. It has become one of America's most popular games. Millions play it to the tune of shrieking whistles and roaring crowds. To its fans basketball is the American game.

Moments

By JULIUS LAPIDES, '47

Today is today;
And not for lack of future,
This very second is past.
Where is the present?
Is there one precious moment
When all unite

To make man's life significant?
Let each one seek his future;
Let each one evaluate his past:
For it's only when that moment comes
That he'll appreciate life
At last.

“Welcome Home—Well Done”

By RALPH F. GOLDMAN, '46

News item, Saturday, December 29: “The S. S. Lewiston Victory docked in Boston yesterday carrying 1536 men of the famed Yankee Division. This is one of the last ships carrying returning soldiers which will dock at Boston.”

One of the last ships! As I read the newspaper article which told of the YD's arrival, I was reminded of the many instances during my summer job on the waterfront that I had been right there, with the rest of the Port workers, to welcome the troops. I was reminded especially of the first time I saw soldiers coming back.

One morning toward the end of June, while stencilling some bags of flour in the wharf shed, I suddenly heard the shrill whistle of a tugboat, followed immediately by the deep-voiced answer of a steamer. Then things really started popping. It seemed as if every whistle in the Harbor were being blown. Wondering what was going on, I rushed out to the water side of the shed. The sight was one of the most colorful I have ever seen. I saw a tugboat, all white, but with rigging bedecked with a myriad of colored flags. On its upper deck was a wildly gesticulating, screaming crowd of girls, presumably from Harbor offices. At first I thought that Customs officials had discovered a load of nylon stockings on one of the ships and were conducting an impromptu sale. But I soon changed my idea when I looked further down the wharves. Slowly pulling into a berth in the North Pier Shed was a Liberty ship loaded with troops. I rushed back inside, hurriedly finished the job, and caught a ride to the North Shed on a passing tractor.

I arrived just after the tug had nosed the ship into the berth. The place was a beehive. Inside the shed, bedecked

with banners showing the insignia of Army units, two long white picket fences had been set up, one on each side of the gangplank which a mobile derrick had set in place. At both ends of the fences were white arches. When a returning soldier had passed under these, he was officially back home. On the arches were large red-white-and-blue signs with a picture of Uncle Sam and the words: “Welcome Home—Well Done.” An Army dance band was playing some of the hottest music this side of Petrillo. On the other side of the shed stood a long train, ready to pull out for Camp Miles Standish as soon as all the men and baggage were loaded. The soldiers aboard the ship were all yelling as loudly as they could, and all trying to talk to the girls down on the pier. Over the side of the ship was a large white canvas on which was the name of the outfit and “Just back from Germany.”

By this time, the troops had started filing down the gangplank. Each man was carrying all his belongings in a huge duffle-bag. The men were all so glad to be back that not one of them stepped on the last two feet of the gangplank instead, they all jumped over it. Some were wearing regulation helmet-liners, but more than a few were wearing German helmets with the Wehrmacht eagle on the side. The duffle-bag of one man was made from a huge Nazi swastika flag. Another came dashing down the gangplank after a dachshund even longer than “Schnappsy” of Sunday comics fame. On the pier, a Red Cross mobile canteen was serving hot coffee and doughnuts to the GI's.

The debarkation was proceeding smoothly, when suddenly a shout went up. It seemed as if every man on the

ship were yelling: "Hey, Pop!" Everybody on the pier looked around, but nobody knew what was going on. Then a shower of coins fell around an elderly man clad in dungarees, who was loading baggage at the end of the pier. He spun around and looked up at the soldiers on the ship. His eyes suddenly lit up, as they fell upon the face of a dark-haired soldier who seemed to tower over all the other men at the rail. "Jim, boy!" he shouted, as he tried to cough up the plug of tobacco which he had half swallowed. Then the boy pushed his way to the rail. The next thing we knew, he had clambered over it. It was then that we noticed a small monkey

desperately hanging on around the soldier's neck! What a sight, as the tall soldier, feverishly reaching for footholds, climbed down a cargo net, which, hanging over the side of the ship, extended downward to within a few feet of the pier. For a while it looked as though the fellow wouldn't make it, but the next minute he came tumbling down onto the pier and into the embrace of his father. For a moment there was a dead silence from the crowd on the ship. Then they all broke out into a joyful cheer after having experienced, through one of their buddies, what they themselves would soon know—the return to their loved ones.

Savage Ecstasy

By RICHARD BRILLIANT, '47

Out of darkest Africa has come to us the savage jungle beat that sent the black warriors to frenzied dancing before their voodoo fires. This same primitive, incessant throb of the drum, then as now, arouses primeval instincts within seemingly civilized peoples and sets them to performing strange contortions, worthy of any tribal witch-doctor.

The savage pounding of the drum and the beserk wailing and squalling of the trumpet erupt in a great, discordant cacophony of sound. From what I have seen, the vibrating tempo produces strange effects in those unfortunates hopelessly addicted to it. Their bodies writhe through a series of gyrations: their feet madly pound the floor; their arms and legs sway, keeping in time with the "music"; their faces take on expressions of exquisite agony, gratifying their emotions; their heads bob and weave; their brows wrinkle in concentration; their lips are pursed. All this is the result of what, I think, is only a jumble of noise.

When the piece runs its course, these queer, fanatical beings regain the civilization of centuries within the short space of a few seconds and again assume a normal appearance.

When my friends first observed that, while they were jumping all over the floor in response to the compelling tones, I sat like a wooden Indian, expressions of amazement and disbelief crossed their faces. They could not understand how I could be so unresponsive and concluded that, emotionally, I was an icicle. Whenever discussions arose as to the relative merits of various orchestra leaders and their bands, some one would turn to ask me my opinion, but would catch himself and remark, "Oh, you don't care for this, do you?" in the same tone as one would use toward a crazy person.

As yet, I have not become a pariah to my companions, but the situation looks encouraging. As has happened before, fads will come and go, but my conservatism will continue.



Outdoor Track

May 21: The Outdoor Reggies were held at University Heights, and Latin once more came through to take second place behind English. The Purple rolled up twenty-six points on the cinders and added fourteen more in the field events for a grand total of forty points.

"Dave" Gilbert was once more the high-scorer in Class A-B, as he swept to a victory in the 50-yard hurdles and a second place in the running broad jump. Long distance runners "Dick" Curran and Capt. "Jack" Dempsey came up with a fourth in the "440" and

a second in the "880," respectively.

In Class D, sprinter "Jerry" Diamond ran the 50-yard dash in six seconds flat to tie the Reggie record. Our other fast sprinter, "Larry" Sperber, sped to victory in the D 110-yard dash. "Mike" Mabry, however, was the high scorer in Class D with a first in the shotput and a second in the hurdles, for eight points. "Phil" Flaherty added five more big points in the high jump.

Other scorers were "Dick" Vokey in the A-B shotput, "Vic" Johnson in the D-50 and "Bill" Bond in the D-110.

Baseball

LATIN TAKES OPENER 7-5

April 15: On "opening day" at Draper Field, Coach Fitzgerald called on "Charlie" Gibson to toe the rubber against Brandies. He was well rewarded, for Gibson pitched and batted the Purple to a 7-5 victory. Although outhit nine to six, Latin made their hits count and overcame a 4-3 deficit with four runs in the eighth to clinch the game. Gibson, besides fanning twelve men, pitched steady ball and paced the attack with two triples. Kripke, Irons, Barach, and Garcia also hit safely for Latin.

Totals												R	H	E
LATIN	0	1	1	1	0	0	0	4	x—7	6	3			
Brandeis	0	0	0	2	0	1	0	1	1—5	9	5			

PURPLE WHITEWASHED 2-0

April 17: "Dave" Gilbert "took the hill" against a powerful Roslindale nine, today, and hooked up in a beautiful Gilbert's stellar mound performance went for naught, however, as his defensive support was ragged and the Latin batters were helpless. Roslindale pushed over single counters in the fifth and eighth, while singles by Kripke and

Hewes were Latin's only offensive gestures.

Totals										R	H	E
Roslindale	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	1	0—2	9	3	
LATIN	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0	2	7	

LATIN TOPS TECH

April 22: The Latin bats came to life again today and banged out a 6-2 victory behind pitcher "Dave" Gilbert. Latin came up with a four-run rally in the fifth to break up a 2-2 deadlock, and from then on Gilbert was invincible. He gave up only two singles and struck out eleven, turning in his second superbly pitched game in two straight starts. "Dave" Kripke led the attack with two singles while Harry Hewes was the "big gun" in the fifth, when he banged out a triple with the bases full.

Totals										R	H	E
LATIN	1	0	0	1	4	0	0	0	x—6	6	3	
Tech	0	0	1	1	0	0	0	0	0—2	2	2	

LATIN, 6; MEMORIAL, 2

April 29: It was Dave ("Workhorse") Gilbert who took the mound again against Roxbury Memorial. Coach Fitzgerald juggled his line-up, and it paid off immediately. Five runs in the first three innings sent Latin off to a comfortable lead as Gilbert was turning in another pitching masterpiece. He almost duplicated his last performance, giving up two runs on only two hits and fanning twelve batters.

Totals										R	H	E
LATIN	2	2	1	0	1	0	0	0	x—6	6	2	
Memorial	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	0	0—2	2	3	

DOWNED BY DORCHESTER

May 3: "Charlie" Gibson, making his second start of the season, ran into a slugging Dorchester outfit, today, and Latin went down to a 7-4 defeat. Latin took the lead with three runs in the second, but Dorchester knocked Gibson from the box, with five runs in the first four innings. "Phil" Barach came in in the fifth and finished out the game,

allowing two more tallies. Latin was once again impotent at the plate, being outhit, 13 to 3, in suffering its second straight loss.

Totals												
Dorchester	1	0	1	3	0	1	1	0	x—7			
LATIN	0	3	0	0	0	1	0	0	0—4			

LATIN TRIUMPHS 6-4

May 7: Coach Fitzgerald sent "Joe" DeLong in quest of his first victory against a good East Boston team. DeLong was reached for two runs in the first; but he settled down, and from there on pitched scoreless ball. Meanwhile his mates tied the score in the third and went ahead with four runs in the seventh. Eastie added two more runs off "Phil" Barach, who relieved in the sixth and got credit for the victory, his first of the season. "Steve" Meterporel was the batting star, connecting for three hits, and "Bob" Corcoran making his debut in left field, came up with a double and a single.

Totals										R	H	E
LATIN	0	0	2	0	0	0	4	0	x—6	8	6	
E. Boston	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	0—4	9	3	
	*	*	*	*								

ENGLISH CELEBRATES

May 8: On the day of English's 125th Anniversary, their ball team put on a gala demonstration at Braves' Field. Latin trotted out their ace pitcher, "Dave" Gilbert, in an effort to put an end to the English celebrations and stop the winning streak of the potential City Champs.

The Purple started on the wrong foot as they presented English with three unearned runs in the first, by way of a walk, a fielder's choice, and two errors, and without benefit of a single hit. Latin missed a golden opportunity in the second, when the first three batters drew walks; but two of them were picked off by the alert English catcher. English came up with two more tainted

May 23: Trade outscored Latin today, 11-6, in a high-scoring game at Fens Stadium. "Gil" Phinn was battered from the mound as the Tradesmen combed him and relief pitcher Barach for fourteen hits. Five runs in the fifth proved fatal to Latin and provided Trade with the winning margin. Clean-Up Man "Jim" Tierney was Latin's heavy hitter, collecting four hits, while Meterparel and Hewes got two apiece.

LATIN, 6; TECH, 3

- | | |
|--------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 1. Sullivan and Flannery | 3—0 |
| 2. Coyne and R. Walsh | $\frac{1}{2}$ — $2\frac{1}{2}$ |
| | $2\frac{1}{2}$ |
| 3. J. Walsh and Halligan | $2\frac{1}{2}$ — $\frac{1}{2}$ |

LATIN, 3; BRIGHTON, 6;

- | | |
|--------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 1. Grant and Flannery | $2\frac{1}{2}$ — $\frac{1}{2}$ |
| 2. Coyne and Sullivan | $\frac{1}{2}$ — $2\frac{1}{2}$ |
| 3. J. Walsh and Halligan | $2\frac{1}{2}$ — $\frac{1}{2}$ |

LATIN $1\frac{1}{2}$; ENGLISH, $7\frac{1}{2}$

- | | |
|--------------------------|---------------------------------|
| 1. Sullivan (2 rounds) | 0—3 |
| 2. Halligan and Grant | $1\frac{1}{2}$ — $1\frac{1}{2}$ |
| 3. J. Walsh and R. Walsh | 0—3 |

The Latin golf team came through with a respectable record of six wins and three defeats. They collected 50 points out of a possible 81 and were battling it out for the second position in the Boston Conference. The six letter-men were "Jim" Sullivan, J. Walsh, Flannery, Halligan, Grant, and R. Walsh.

Tennis

LATIN, 5; TRADE, 0

- | | |
|-------------------------------|----------|
| 1. Kaplan defeated Mackall | 6-4, 6-3 |
| 2. H. Shulman defeated Pella- | |
| tier | 7-5, 6-3 |
| 3. Squires | Default |

Doubles

- | | |
|-----------------------------|---------|
| 4. A. Goldberg and Swartz | Default |
| 5. N. Shulman and E. Balkin | Default |

LATIN, 5; SO. BOSTON, 0

- | | |
|-------------------------------|----------|
| 1. Squires defeated Anastos | 6-0, 6-0 |
| 2. E. Balkin defeated Stanley | 6-2, 6-3 |
| 3. N. Shulman defeated North | 6-0, 6-0 |

Doubles

- | | |
|-------------------------------|----------|
| 4. Won by Schwartz and Swartz | 6-0, 6-0 |
| 5. Won by Kaplan and H. Shul- | |
| man | 6-0, 6-0 |

LATIN, 5; TECH, 0

- | | |
|------------------------------|---------------|
| 1. Squires defeated Russell | 6-0, 6-0 |
| 2. Balkin defeated Breuner | 6-1, 6-3 |
| 3. Shulman defeated Richard- | |
| son | 6-1, 5-7, 6-3 |

Doubles

- | | |
|------------------------|---------------|
| 4. Won by Goldberg and | |
| Swartz | 4-6, 2-6, 6-2 |
| 5. Won by Kaplan and | |
| Swartz | 6-2, 2-6, 6-2 |

LATIN, 5; HYDE PARK, 0

- | | |
|-------------------------------|----------|
| 1. Balkin defeated Andonian | 6-0, 6-2 |
| 2. Swartz defeated Strickland | 6-1, 6-1 |
| 3. Goldberg defeated Richen- | |
| burg | 6-1, 6-0 |

Doubles

- | | |
|------------------------------|----------|
| 4. Kaplan and Bloom won | 6-1, 6-3 |
| 5. Shulman and A. Balkin won | 6-0, 6-2 |

LATIN, 4; DORCHESTER, 1

- | | |
|-------------------------------|---------------|
| 1. Squires defeated Norton | 6-0, 6-0 |
| 2. Balkin defeated Holt | 6-0, 6-2 |
| 3. N. Shulman lost to Sokolow | 4-6, 3-6 |
| 4. Won by Swartz and H. Shul- | |
| man | 6-2, 6-0 |
| 5. Won by Goldberg and Bloom | 6-4, 4-6, 6-1 |

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LATIN, 5; BRIGHTON, 0

1. Squires defeated Hypler 6-1, 6-0
2. Balkin defeated Tomaselli 6-0, 6-1
3. Swartz defeated Gibson 6-1, 6-4
4. Won by Goldberg and Shulman 6-2, 6-2
5. Won by Kaplan and Schwartz 6-1, 6-0

LATIN, 4; MEORIAL, 0

1. Squires defeated Rice 6-0, 6-0
2. Balkin defeated Michaels 6-1, 6-0
3. Swartz defeated Hasettine 6-0, 7-5
4. Won by Kaplan and Sullivan 6-2, 6-2

LATIN, 5; COMMERCE, 0

1. Balkin defeated Kennedy 6-3, 6-1
2. Swartz defeated Hayes 6-0, 6-0
3. Goldberg defeated Monroe 6-0, 6-0
4. Won by H. Shulman and Bloom 6-0, 6-1
5. Won by Lipson and Neitlich 6-0, 6-0

LATIN, 4; ENGLISH, 1

1. Squires defeated J. Orenstien 6-4, 6-3
2. Balkin defeated Gordon 6-2, 6-2
3. Swartz lost to Tobin 2-6, 4-6
4. Won by Squires and Balkin 6-4, 6-3
5. Won by Kaplan and N. Shulman 6-2, 6-2

By beating English in the last game of the season, the Latin tennis team won the City Championship. They swept through a nine-game schedule undefeated and lost only two matches of the forty-five played. "Sam" Squires proved to be the best tennis-player in the city, and Emmanuel Balkin and "Donnie" Swartz were not far behind. Much of the credit must be given to Coach Harold Goorvich for building a championship team, with only one experienced player from the previous year.

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Alumni Column

By HOWARD BADEN, '48

On May 1, 1946, the annual Alumni Banquet was held at B.L.S. Some 200 alumni attended to pay tribute to their *alma mater*. Between 5:30 and 6:30 P.M., elections were held. Earle E. Davidson, '96, was elected president; Robert G. Wilson, '10, V.P.; Eli Romberg, '09, John Canavan, '30, Gabriel Ash, '35, and Laurence N. Redgate, '41, standing committee. After dinner, the play "Arsenic and Old Lace" was put on by the Latin School Dramatics Society. Among the prominent guests who attended were Dr. John F. Fitzgerald, '84; Dr. David B. Scannell, '93; Dr. Joseph L. Powers, '96; Fred Katzman, '92; William H. Kennedy, '08; Tom Bilodeau, '32. Samuel Silverman, '11, retired after two very successful years as president.

Herbert Weiner, '37, who will shortly become a Rabbi, was awarded the Bertha Guggenheim Fellowship. He will be given a free year of study and research in Palestine.

Thomas W. Casey, '36, has recently been promoted to the rank of Colonel in the Field Artillery. He has been in the Army since 1941 and has received the Bronze Star, the Air Medal and Oak Leaf Cluster.

Capt. John E. Tully, '38, is in charge of the Military Government, Historical Information and Political Intelligence Office in Munich.

Capt. Arthur W. Scharfeld, '20, civil affairs AUS, is on civilian status.

Lt. Comdr. John J. Sacco, '22, of the Medical Corps, USNR, is also on civilian status.

Francis H. Shaughnessy, '41, after having served in the Navy with the

rank of Lt. j.g., is back at Harvard. Shaughnessy received the Navy Cross for extraordinary heroism in action.

George N. Nackley, '41, of the Army has been recently discharged.

Capt. Alexander Monroe, '43, one of the youngest captains of the Army, is in charge of an interrogation team in the Intelligence Service in Germany.

Walter I. Ackerman, '43, who will be remembered for his acting in the Dramatic Society's performances, is now discharged from the Army after having served with the Combat Engineers. He was with Patch's 7th Army.

Sgt. Francis Wilson, Jr., '40, was reported killed in action. He had been in the Army since 1942.

Maj. Wilford E. O'Leary, '25, who was given a commission in 1942 for his administrative work, has been made director of A & S.

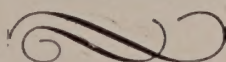
Joseph F. O'Neal, '98, former headmaster of the Curley School, Jamaica Plain, died recently.

Pvt. Richard Dunn, '41, an ex-football player of B.L.S., escaped being buried alive when a bomb burst near him.

John J. Connolly, '09, headmaster at Charlestown High School, died last March 31.

John J. Desmond, '05, has been appointed State Commissioner of Education by His Excellency, Governor Maurice Tobin. He is also the director of the New England Superintendents Association.

Donald Drew, '39, has recently graduated from Tufts Medical School.



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